THE

Carpenter's Ramble.

I AM a jolly ranger,
That fears no kind of danger,
To sorrow I'm a stranger,
So now let mirth abound:
Once I'd a fit of loving,
But it contrary proving,
Did set my mind of roving,
To travel the country round.
To London first I started,
When from my friends I parted,
And almost broken hearted,
Alas! what grief I found:
London severely stich'd me,
No bounds of comfort reach'd me,
The devil sure bewitch'd me,
To travel the country-round.
As through the streets I wander'd,
A deal of money squander'd,
And masters try'd a hundred,
No work was to be found;
And as I walked up and down,
They call'd me fool and country clown,
And bid me get out of their town,
To travel the country round.
At length I grew dejected,
As well might be expected,
My steps I then directed,
To Birmingham I was bound;
There awhile I remained,
And a master soon I gained,
Then awhile I refrained,
To travel the country round.
Awhile this was my station,
Till by some foolish fashion,
I entered into temptation,
Still fortune on me frown'd;
The maiden where I lived,
By me must be revived,
I again contrived,
To travel the country round.
Six weeks with her I tarried,
My pleasures all miscarried,
And said she should have married,
If me she could persuade;
But I myself excused,
To marry I refused,
Indeed I rather choosed,
To travel the country round.
My time it being expired,
Of starving I was tired,
My roving fancy teased me,
To some other town:
To Preston then I hasted,
A week or more I wasted,
But while my money lasted,
I travell'd the country round.
In Friergate I am seated,
My roving's all completed,
And as I've just repeated,
Contented sit me down:
Tir'd with continual moving,
Cured of all roving,
I'll no more go a roving,
Nor travel the country round.